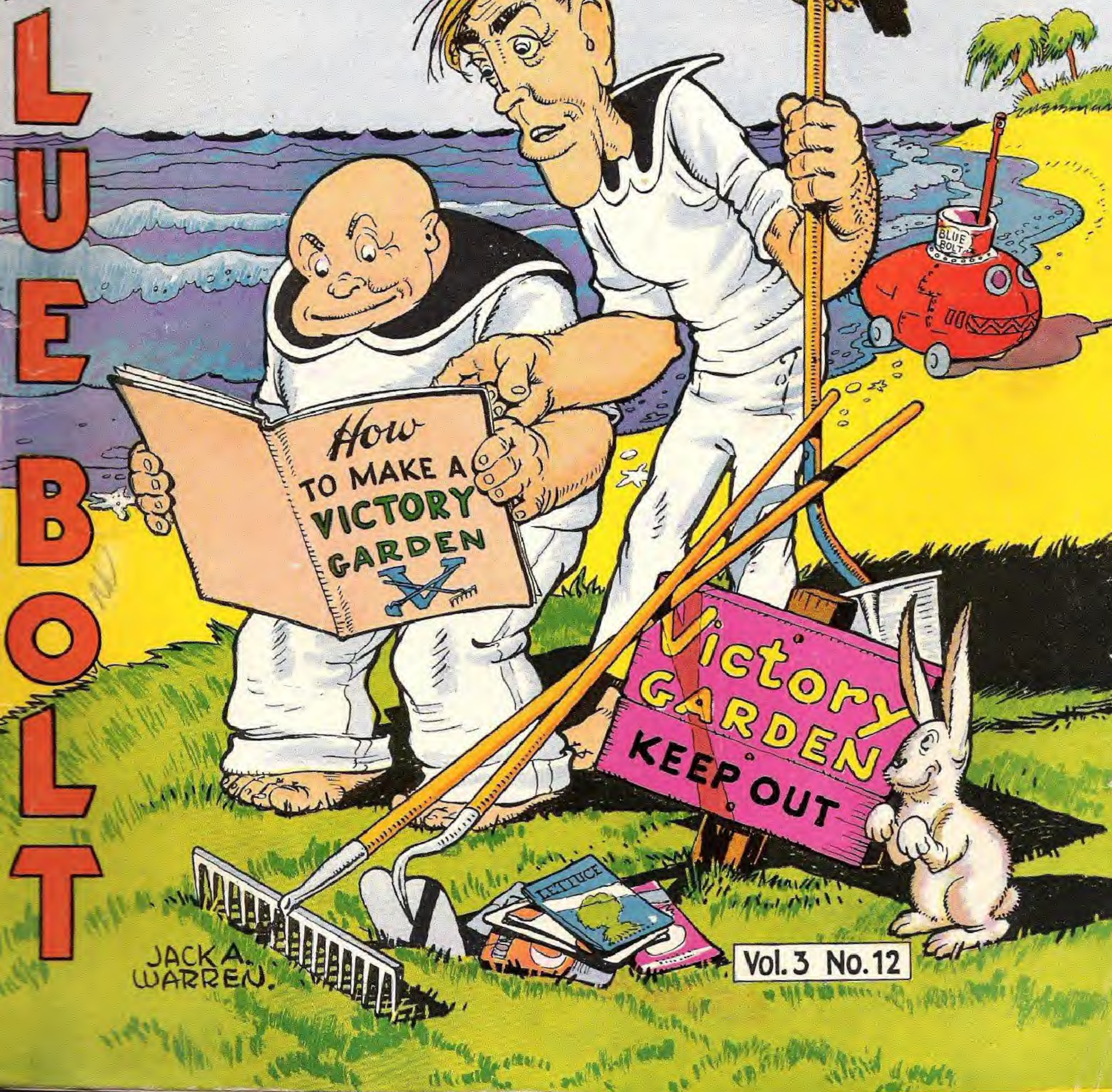


★ FEATURING  
DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

Mary 

# BLUE BOLT

10c



JACK A.  
WARREN.

Vol. 3 No. 12



**WEB COMIC**  
**UNIVERSE.COM**



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here are some more letters from people who are buying those War Bonds and Stamps like fury. We hope that all of you made the purchase of War Stamps your New Year's resolution Number One, and we expect loads of letters to come piling in at breakneck speed outlining all sorts of wonderful suggestions for earning the money for these Bonds and Stamps.

And while you have pen in hand let's hear what some more of you readers think of the new feature "Fearless Fellers." Bill McAllister (see letter) seems to like it a lot. How about you?

Remember the PET PEEVE PETE CONTEST for TARGET COMICS that was advertised on this page in the December issue? Well, the prize list is published in the May issue of TARGET, so be sure to get that issue and scan the list. The response was so tremendous the judges had a whale of a time trying to select the 102 cash prizes.

Well, guys and gals, Keep 'Em Flying and let's hear all about it.

Cordially yours,

The Editors.

Dear Editors:

I read the letters in January BLUE BOLT COMICS and in all the letters nobody said what they were buying War Bonds and Stamps for, so I am going to tell you why I am buying them. I buy them because I know that they are helping win the War, and I also know that they are the best investment you can make. Next to War Stamps, I spend my money for BLUE BOLT COMICS.

Yours truly,  
Deverl Crass  
Norman, Oklahoma

*That's a good point you have there, Deverl, and I guess most of our readers feel the same way even if they don't actually write it down*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I liked the new story "Fearless Fellers" very much in the place of "Superhorse." I also think you should have a short story with pictures about the War and why we should all buy War Stamps. My favorite features are Dick

Cole, The Short Story, Old Cap Hawkins, Kirsco and Jasper, and Blue Bolts and Nuts. I have two War Bonds and five dollars worth of stamps in addition. Keep 'Em Rolling.

Yours truly,  
Bill McAllister  
Detroit, Michigan.

*Thanks for the comment on "Fearless Fellers," Bill. We are working on that idea of a War Story.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I find BLUE BOLT the most interesting book on the stands, and always ask my dealer ahead of time to reserve me a copy of the next issue. In our school we collect scrap rubber and metals and when we are finished BLUE BOLT is the first thing we read, unless, of course, a lesson is in progress. My favorite feature is Dick Cole; his stories have improved a great deal since he made friends with Simba. I haven't missed an issue of your magazine and I don't intend to. We also sell War Stamps in school. Last term we sold \$2,500.00 worth and

and this term, so far, we have sold \$1,800.00 worth.

An ardent fan,  
Louis Kane  
New York, New York.

*Your school is certainly doing a good job, Louis, and it is the help of fellows like you that "brings in the bacon."*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Since the War I have stopped buying all comic books except BLUE BOLT so I could buy more War Stamps. I have read and enjoyed each issue from Volume 1, Number 1, to Volume 3, Number 9. My friends and I like all the stories except Edison Bell, and Old Cap Hawkin's Tales. We disagree with other readers about Superhorse and would like very much to have him remain.

Your reader,  
Billy Franck  
Jackson, Miss.

*We'd like to hear why you don't like Eddie Bell. Billy, because most readers like it so much.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

DICK COLE  
AND SIMBA KARNO  
FOLLOW A TRAIL OF  
STOLEN SUGAR INTO  
"THE HOLE" ONLY  
TRUE PATRIOTISM  
CAN GET THEM OUT  
OF THE SITUATION  
THAT RESULTS!



FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF  
AMERICA A STRANGE EXODUS  
TAKES PLACE—NEW ORLEANS...

TWO TICKETS  
FOR "DE  
HOLE"!

YEAH—ONE-WAY  
TICKETS!  
HAW—HAW!





**THE BOWERY—** MECCA OF  
"LOST SOULS"...

HOLD ON! DYS PLACE  
CALLED "DE HOLE"?  
SOUNDS  
INTERESTIN'!

YEAH, WE  
KIN "HOLE"  
IN' FER DE  
DURATION!  
LE'S HOP A  
FREIGHT FROM  
JOISEY CITY.

**CHICAGO—** INSIDE THE CENTRAL  
FREIGHT YARDS, WHERE A  
SOUTH-BOUND FREIGHT IS  
PULLING OUT!

HERE SHE  
COMES, CHUM!

AN' HERE WE  
GO—HEADIN'  
FOR "DE HOLE"!

**SAN FRANCISCO—** A SIMILAR  
SCENE IS BEING ENACTED BY  
TWO MORE BURDENS ON  
SOCIETY...

S'LONG, FRISCO!  
YA WAZ NICE  
PICKIN'S WHILE  
YA LASTED!

YEAH BUT  
WE'LL HAVE  
NICER PICKIN'S  
AT "DE HOLE"!

**MEANWHILE, IN THE MESS HALL OF FARR MILITARY  
ACADEMY...**

HEY, SIMBA! WHAT'S  
THE RUSH? GONNA  
**START ON SECOND  
HELPINGS?**

YOU'VE GOT TO EAT  
IF YOU WANT TO  
LIVE, DICK!

YES— BUT NOT  
THE WAY YOU  
GO AT IT!

WELL, I'VE GOT  
VITALITY! MAYBE  
THAT'S THE REASON!  
**HEY!** WHERE'S THE  
JAVA?

HERE YOU  
ARE, SIMBA!

POUR  
IT OUT,  
SON! POUR  
IT OUT!

WHY DON'T  
YOU JUST  
DRINK IT  
FROM THE  
POT, SIMBA?

HAH-HAH!  
THEY'RE  
AT IT  
AGAIN!

**HEY! WHERE  
TH' HECK DID  
YOU HIDE  
THE SUGAR?**

THE CHEF  
SAYS, **NO  
SUGAR!**

HOW'RE WE  
GONNA DRINK  
COFFEE WITH-  
OUT SUGAR?



HOLD THE TEMPER, LADS! SOME ONE STOLE OUR LAST TWO BAGS OF SUGAR LAST NIGHT!



SUGAR THIEVES! AND SUGAR BEING RATIONED!

BREAKFAST IS OVER- BUT NOT THE BOYS' ANGER.

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THOSE SUGAR THIEVES, I'LL

WHOA! WAIT'LL YOU CATCH THEM, FIRST!



SUPPOSE WE TRY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

OKAY SHERLOCK COLÉ... AFTER CLASSES



LATER...

CLASSES ARE OVER! C'MON, SLOW POKE! YOU'VE GOT A MYSTERY TO SOLVE!

ALL RIGHT, ANXIOUS. HOLD ON A BIT!



AT THE COMMISSARY...

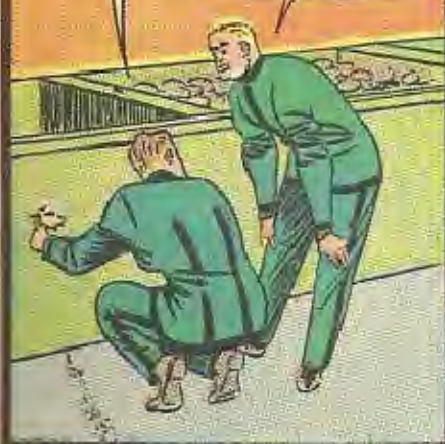
YOU SAY THE BAGS OF SUGAR WERE RIGHT NEXT TO THE POTATO BIN BEFORE THEY WERE STOLEN?

YES! RIGHT ON THAT SPOT!



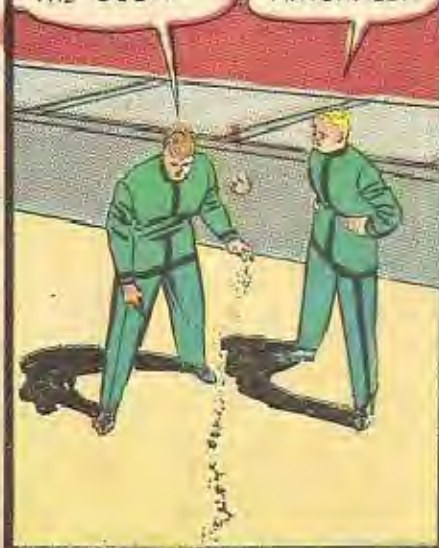
LOOK, SIMBA! CLUE NUMBER ONE! - A PIECE OF CLOTH SNAGGED ON THIS NAIL - CLOTH FROM A SUGAR BAG!

SO WHAT, ELLERY QUEEN?



SO A FINE TRAIL OF SUGAR SPILLED FROM A BAG LEADS TO THE DOOR!

NATURALLY!



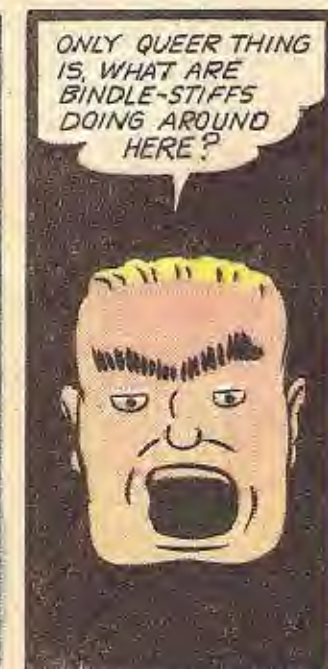
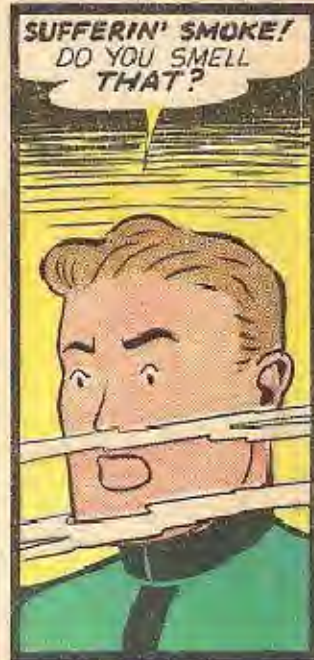
DICK FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF WHITE OUTSIDE AND...

SEE! THE SUGAR WAS CARRIED OUT AND PUT ON A SMALL WAGON YOU CAN SEE THE TIRE PRINTS IN THE WET GROUND!

YEAH. GOOD THING IT RAINED LAST NIGHT!









BACK AT FARR, DICK TAKES SIMBA BACKSTAGE OF THE ACADEMY'S THEATER

OKAY, MASTER MIND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO HERE?

DIG YOURSELF SOME OLD CLOTHES FROM THIS PROP BOX!



HEY! WE LOOK LIKE BUMS!

YOU'RE LEARNING FAST! THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO LOOK LIKE!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE "HOLE", BIG JOHN-LEADER OF THE HOBOES-SPEAKS TO THE BAND.

YEZ C'N STAY HERE AS LONG AS YEZ REMEMBER THAT WHAT I SEZ, **GOES!**

SURE, BIG JOHN-YOU'RE DE BOSS!



JUST THEN-TWO MORE TRAMPS STEP INTO THE CLEARING!

HI, BOES!

MORE COMPANY!

HI-YA!



WELCOME TO DE "HOLE" BOYS! HOW'D YEZ FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

T'ROO DE GRAPEVINE. ALL DE BOYS IS MOVIN' TO DE HOLE!

YEAH.



YEZ LOOK OKAY. HELP YERSELVES TO SOME JAVA WIT' SUGAR!

YEAH-OUR SUGAR!



SO-YA CAME TO DE "HOLE" TO DODGE DE DRAFT, JIST LIKE DE REST OF US, EH? KINDA YOUNG, AIN'TCHA?

DRAFT-DODGERS?













JUST THEN, THE STRAINS OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM RING THROUGH THE WOODS!

WOT'S DAT, CHIEF?

SOUNDS LIKE A GANG SINGIN' SUMPIN'!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER! BUT YOU BUMS PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF IT!

DICK PLANTS THE FLAG FIRMLY INTO THE GROUND BEFORE HIM AND TURNS TO THE BUGLER...

YES, SIR!

SOUND THE CHARGE, BUGLER!

INTO THE CLEARING MARCHES DICK COLE, AT THE HEAD OF A BODY OF FARR CADETS!

CRIPES! IT'S DE MARINES!

DICK! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

HOLY COW! THE ARMY!

THE BOYS ARE SPURRED FORWARD...

BLAST THE DRAFT DODGERS!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM THEY CAN'T BEAT THE DRAFT!

DOWN WITH THE SLACKERS!

HERE I COME, SIMBA!

GOOD BOY, DICK!

DICK HASTENS TO SIMBA AND GOES TO WORK ON THE ROPES!

COME ON, GUY—GET ME LOOSE!

HAVE PATIENCE, TOOTS!





THERE-YOU'RE A FREE MAN!

YOU TALK LIKE YOU JUST LET ME OUTA JAIL!



I'LL BASH DAT TIN SOJER'S SKULL IN FER DIS!

OH-OH! ONE SIDE, DICKY-BOY! HERE COMES TROUBLE-MAKER!

BIG JOHN, EH?



DROP THAT STONE, YOU CLUCK!

YEAH-ON YOUR HEAD!

WATCH HIM, SIMBA-HE'S BIG!



I SAID, DROP IT!

WHOOF!



THAT'S THE IDEA! BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!

HALP!



WATCH OUT, SIMBA!

OH! THAT GUY AND HIS PIG-STICKER!

YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK, KID! I'M GONNA SLIP THIS SHIV DOWN YOUR GULLET!











...AND OVER THERE  
ARE PICTURES OF  
GENERAL MAC ARTHUR  
AND COLIN KELLY.  
I THINK **EVEN**  
**YOU KNOW THEM!**



EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN HAVE  
FOUGHT, AND ARE FIGHTING, FOR  
THE INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY  
YOU ARE NOW ABUSING. THEY WERE  
LITTLE FELLOWS LIKE YOU AND I,  
BUT WHAT THEY DID WAS  
**GREAT!**



YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU—**ALL**  
**OF YOU!** IT'S ASKING  
YOU IF YOU ARE  
**MEN!**

**AW, CUT  
DE FLAG  
WAVIN'!**



**SHEDDUP, SQUOIT! DE KID'S**  
**RIGHT! WE WERE ALL WRONG**  
**FR'OM DE START. IF ANYONE**  
**PEEPS, I'LL KNOCK HIS**  
**BRAINS OUT!**

**CHEEZ—!!**  
**YER DE**  
**BOSS,**  
**BIG JOHN!**



**THEN GIT DIS! WE'RE**  
**BOININ' DE "HOLE" AN'**  
**I'M HEADIN' FOR DE**  
**MARINES— IF DEY'LL**  
**TAKE ME!**

**ME FOR**  
**DE**  
**NAVY!**

**I'M GOIN' BACK**  
**AN' REGISTER**  
**AT ME**  
**DRAFT BOARD!**



**T'ANKS FER DE LECTURE,**  
**KID. I'LL NEVER**  
**FERGIT IT!— NOR**  
**DEM PUNCHES**  
**FROM YER**  
**BUDDY!**

**YOU'RE**  
**OKAY,**  
**BIG JOHN!**



**LATER...**

**THERE GOES**  
**THE "HOLE!"**  
**LOOKS LIKE UNCLE SAM**  
**IS GETTING A BIG**  
**PROFIT ON OUR**  
**SUGAR!**



**WE'D BETTER BE**  
**GETTING BACK TO**  
**OUR DORMITORIES,**  
**DICK, WOULDN'T**  
**WANT MAJOR FARR**  
**TO LECTURE US**  
**ABOUT KEEPING**  
**LATE HOURS!**

**THERE ARE**  
**MANY WAYS IN**  
**WHICH TO SERVE**  
**OUR COUNTRY.**  
**NEITHER**  
**DICK COLE**  
**NOR SIMBA,**  
**NOR ANY OF**  
**THE FARR BOYS**  
**ARE OLD ENOUGH**  
**TO JOIN**  
**THE SERVICE,**  
**BUT**  
**THEY ALL**  
**REMEMBER**  
**TO BUY**  
**WAR BONDS**  
**AND**  
**STAMPS.**





# Sergeant Spook



ONCE AGAIN AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP COMES FROM GHOST TOWN AND LEADS **SERGEANT SPOOK** INTO THE MOST PECULIAR CASE OF HIS LIFE AS A **GHOST COP!** FOR, EVEN IN GHOST TOWN THERE ARE **PATRIOTS!**

KAPITAN & JORDAN

WE FIND SERGEANT SPOOK VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND, DOCTOR SHERLOCK, IN GHOST TOWN.

IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE WE LAST SAW YOU, SERGEANT

TRUE, I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME SWELL ADVENTURES WITH A PSYCHIC YOUNGSTER NAMED JERRY... A GREAT KID!



A RUDE INTERRUPTION!

BY THE HORNS, DOCTOR SHERLOCK... THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

OH... IT'S YOU AGAIN, SANDY!









SUPPOSE I GO BACK WITH YOU TO PUT-IN-BAY... PERHAPS WE CAN IRON MATTERS OUT.

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION!

ALL RIGHT... I DOUBT IF YOU'LL BE ANY HELP, THOUGH.

THROUGH THE CHANNELS OF GHOST LANE, SERGEANT SPOOK AND THE SEAMAN ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF PUT-IN-BAY.

THERE THEY LIE—THE AMERICAN FRIGATE 'LAWRENCE' AND THE BRITISH MAN-O-WAR, 'TEMPEST.'

LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHTING HAS STOPPED.

NATURALLY! HOW CAN WE FIGHT WITH DIVERS SWARMING ALL AROUND US?

LOOK! THE BRITISH ARE HAVING FUN AT OUR EXPENSE!

HO-HO! COME ON, AMERICAN SLOTHS... FIGHT! HO-HAW-HAH!

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT TO STOP YOUR QUARREL? AFTER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS OF BATTLE, THAT'S STRETCHING THINGS A BIT!

ER... NO... BESIDES, WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?

PLENTY! CALL A TRUCE! I WANT TO SHOW BOTH SIDES SOMETHING THAT MAY OPEN THEIR EYES!

VERY WELL, BUT YOU'LL GET NOWHERE WITH THOSE THICK-SKULLED BRITONS.

A TRUCE IS CALLED AND ABOARD THE BRITISH SHIP...

WHAT IS IT YOU QUIVERING AMERICANS WANT?

SERGEANT SPOOK WANTS TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, CAPTAIN NELSON.



HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHAT GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA ARE DOING TODAY?

WHY, YES... MY COUNTRY IS AT WAR WITH THE AXIS, ISN'T IT?

RIGHT! SO IS THE UNITED STATES. COME, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR MORTAL ALLIES... YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN WHAT'S GOING ON!

AND, SO, SERGEANT SPOOK LEADS HIS CHARGES TO SHORE...

THIS IS THE CANADIAN SIDE OF LAKE ERIE.

I KNOW THAT!

LATER... AT THE MOUTH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER-

LOOK! CANADIAN TRANSPORTS AND MERCHANTMEN BOUND FOR ENGLAND WITH AMERICAN DESTROYERS FOR ESCORT.

YOU MEAN THAT BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS SAIL SIDE BY SIDE?

BETTER THAN THAT! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A QUICK HIKE TO TEXAS, IN THE UNITED STATES.

QUICKLY TRANSPORTED THROUGH GHOST CHANNELS, THEY ARRIVE IN TEXAS.

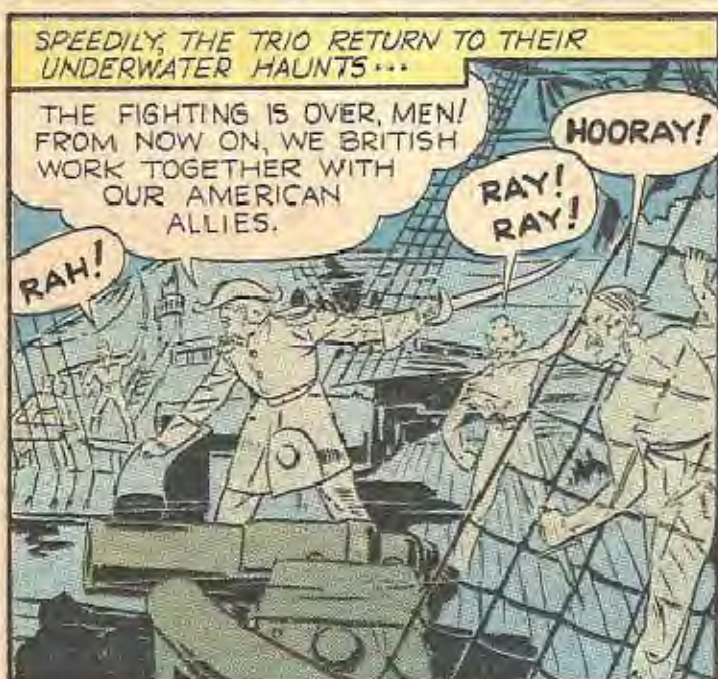
THIS IS AN AMERICAN PILOT TRAINING BASE...

WHY, LOOK!... THOSE YOUNGSTERS THERE...

THEY'RE PILOTS BEING TRAINED FOR THE R.A.F.!

YES... ON AMERICAN SOIL!







**SUDDENLY, THE SALVAGE BARGE IS  
BOARDED BY A HORDE OF GHOST  
SAILORS...**

YOU ALL KNOW YOUR  
JOBS... NOW, GO  
TO WORK!

AYE, AYE,  
SIR!



NOW, LET'S SEE IF I  
CAN OPERATE THE  
SALVAGE BOOM.



**HOLY HENFEATHERS!**

LOOK AT THE  
SALVAGE  
BOOM!

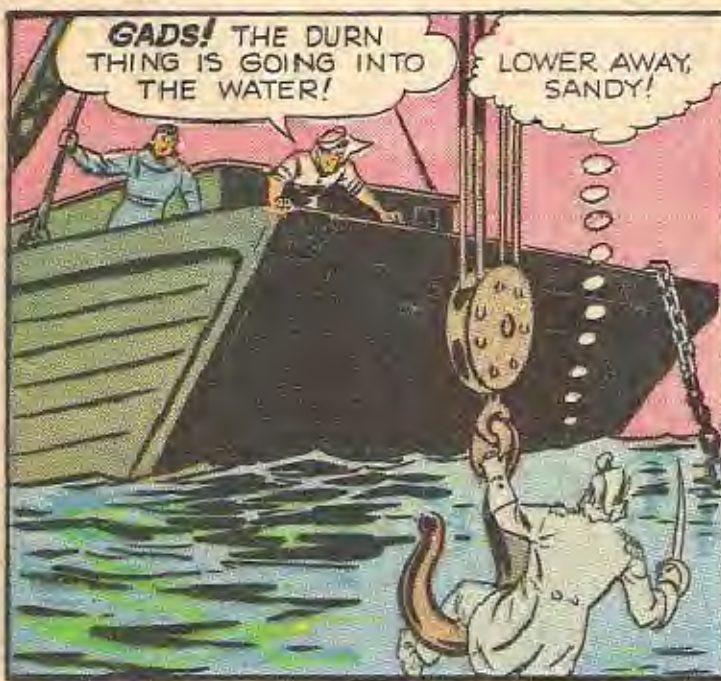
**JEES!**

IT'S GOING  
OVERSIDE AND  
NO ONE'S OPER-  
ATING IT!



**GADS!** THE DURN  
THING IS GOING INTO  
THE WATER!

LOWER AWAY,  
SANDY!



THIS BARGE'S  
HAUNTED!

YOU AIN'T  
KIDDING,  
PAL!

TOO BAD  
THEY CAN'T  
SEE WHAT WE'RE  
DOING!



**MINUTES LATER...**

**HOLY GEE!**  
LOOK! SHE'S  
COMING UP!

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ATTACHED TO  
THE CABLE!



DROP 'ER  
EASY!

**A CANNON!**

**JUMPIN'  
JEHOSOPHAT!  
GHOSTS!**







**MY GOSH!** SOMETHING UNTIED THAT CANNON!

AND THE BOOM'S GONE OVERSIDE AGAIN— WHAT IS THIS?

HAH! I'D BETTER GO BELOW AND SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING.



**ON THE BOTTOM...**

HOW GOES IT, CAPTAIN NELSON?

OH... IT'S YOU, SERGEANT! EVERYTHING IS FINE.



SEE THAT PILE OF STUFF THERE? ALL THAT GOES ABOVE— COPPER, BRASS, IRON... AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE. THE MEN ARE SCOURING THE WHOLE LAKE BED FOR SCRAP!

**SWELL!**



**MEANWHILE, ABOVE...**

OH, WOE! LOOKIT ALL THAT SCRAP PILING UP... WHAT'LL I TELL MY SUPERIORS WHEN THEY ASK ME HOW WE MANAGED TO DIG IT UP SO QUICK? OH, WOE!



**PHEW!**

PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL HIM WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



**SERGEANT SPOOK GENTLY TAPS THE SAILOR'S BACK...**

**YEOW!** WHO TOUCHED ME?

HMM... PERHAPS I'D BETTER WRITE MY MESSAGE!



**SPOOK PENCILS OUT A NOTE BUT THE SAILOR IS EVEN MORE ASTONISHED!**

**YIPES!** THAT PENCIL IS WRITING A MESSAGE— OHHHHH!





HEY, DAVE! LOOK!  
COME A-RUNNING!

WHAT IN  
SAM HILL IS  
BOTHERING  
YOU?



A GHOST  
MESSAGE!

WE, THE PATRIOTS  
OF 1812 AND SERGEANT  
SPOOK CONTRIBUTE  
THIS SMALL PILE OF  
SCRAP FROM THE BED  
OF LAKE ERIE SO IT  
IN TURN WILL BE  
USED AGAINST  
OUR COMMON ENEMY...  
SERGEANT  
SPOOK



WHAT DOES HE MEAN—  
"SMALL PILE"? JUST  
LOOKIT THAT ARSENAL?

BOY!  
THERE'S  
ENOUGH  
METAL THERE  
TO BUILD A  
CRUISER!



GUESS WE'LL BE  
GETTING BACK. OUR  
JOB IS FINISHED.

AYE, AND A  
LOVELY PILE OF  
SCRAP IT IS!

WE'LL  
DONE, LADS!



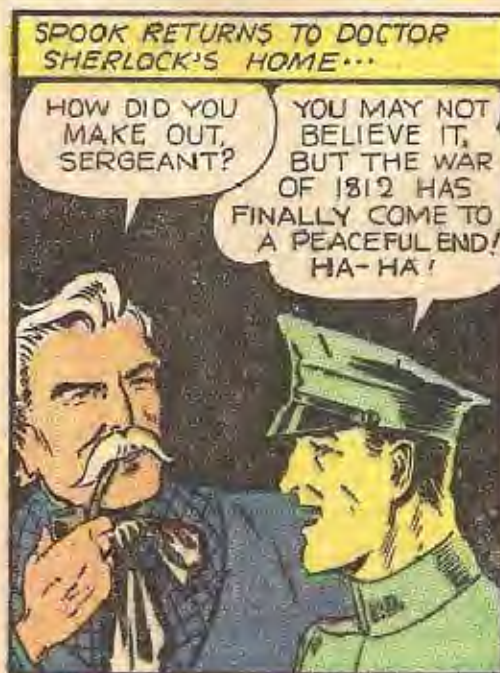
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE  
WHAT YOU MEANT BY  
"STICKING TOGETHER,"  
SERGEANT.

YES... TWO GREAT  
NATIONS— AMERICA  
AND BRITAIN—  
INVINCIBLE!



PROUDLY AND SINCERELY THE TWO  
MEN SALUTE THEIR RESPECTIVE  
COLORS!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE  
PEACE AND QUIET NOW.  
BETTER GET BACK TO  
GHOST TOWN.



SPOOK RETURNS TO DOCTOR  
SHERLOCK'S HOME...

HOW DID YOU  
MAKE OUT,  
SERGEANT?

YOU MAY NOT  
BELIEVE IT,  
BUT THE WAR  
OF 1812 HAS  
FINALLY COME TO  
A PEACEFUL END!  
HA-HA!



IT'S THE UNITED  
NATIONS NOW —  
AND FOREVER!  
KEEP FAITH WITH  
YOUR COUNTRY  
AND YOUR ALLIES

...  
KEEP BUYING  
WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS

SERGEANT SPOOK  
WILL BE BACK  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
**BLUE  
BOLT**





# Edison

# BELL





THE KIDS HEAD FOR THE "CIRCUS GROUNDS".

LOOK AT ME!  
I'M DRIVING A  
CHARIOT!

OH, WOOK!  
THERE'S THAT  
NASTY WED  
SMITH!

WHATCHA GOT  
THERE—A FLEA  
CIRCUS?

GO 'WAY, RED!  
WE DON'T WANT  
ANY TROUBLE!

OH!  
TOUGH GUY,  
EH?

SURE! I'LL  
LET YOU ALONE!  
HA-HA!

YOU BIG  
BULLY! GET  
HIM, GANG!

YOU  
BET!

HA-HA! YOU  
KIDS COULDN'T  
HIT THE SIDE OF  
A BARN!

RED CIRCLES AROUND BEHIND,  
AND THEN...

COME ON! DON'T  
PAY ANY ATTENTION  
TO HIM!

THIS IS  
GONNA BE  
FUNNY!

FFFTZ  
YEOWR

SIC 'IM!  
GO ON—SIC 'IM!

OOPS!

ROWF

YIPE

GRR

FFFTZ

HOWEVER, THE FRIGHTENED TOM-  
CAT CLIMBS THE NEAREST  
OBJECT... RED!

OH, WOOK!

MEOWR

YOW!

LET'S GO, KIDS! GUESS  
HE WON'T FEEL LIKE  
INTERFERING FOR  
AWHILE!

MEOWR



A FEW HOURS LATER...

WELL, YOU KIDS CERTAINLY HAVE SOMETHING HERE! LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING.

HI, EDDIE!

SEE! HERE ARE THE ANIMALS, DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!

MENAGERIE SIDE SHOW! IT'S OKAY!

AND HERE ARE THE BOXES TO HOLD THE ADMISSION SCRAP.

WHY, YOU'RE ALL SET UP! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

THROW SCRAP HERE

WELL, YOU TELL HIM, JOANIE.

WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING BUT AN EWEFANT! WOULD YOU MAKE ONE FOR US, PWEASE, EDDIE!

AN ELEPHANT, HMM? GET ME A BIG BARREL, TWO PAIRS OF LONG PANTS, AND A BIG BEACH BALL.

HEY-LET ME GET THAT DOWN-OKAY!

THE KIDS RACE AROUND TO FIND THE REQUIRED ARTICLES AND, IN A VERY SHORT TIME, EDDIE HAS THE ELEPHANT.

CAN YOU KIDS BREATHE ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

SURE!

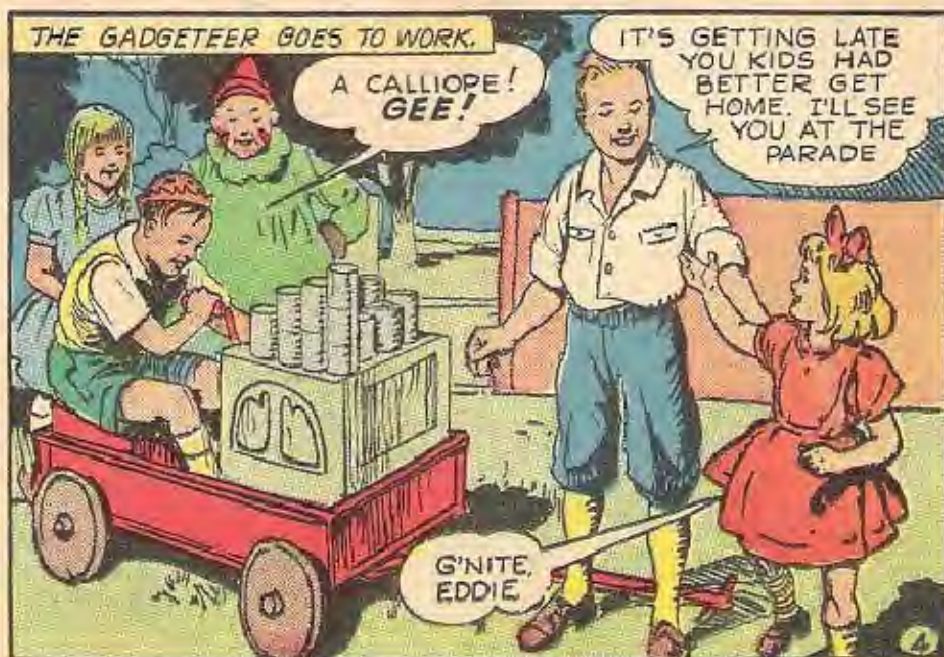
FINE!

GEE! IT LOOKS LIKE A WEAL BABY EWEFANT!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN UNWELCOME INTRUSION...

YOU KIDS ARE NUTS! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE AN OLD BARREL TO ME!











RED TRIED TO TAKE REVENGE BUT...



TAKE HIM AWAY, PLEASE!

WHAT A SILLY-LOOKING BULLY!  
RED, YOU SMELL!  
HA! HA!

RED STARTED AT THE WRONG CAGE!



DAISY!

PLEASE GET HIM AWAY, BELL!

I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN, RED.



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'D HAVE TO WAIT FOR-  
HEY!

HERE, DAISY! HERE PUSSY!



WELL, FOR-! DOESN'T HE SMELL?

HERE, PUSSY-PUSSY! NICE DAISY!



I DON'T DOW-- I'VE GOT A COD ID BY HEAD!



THAT TAKES THE CAKE! WELL, LET'S GET BACK AND START THE SHOW!



THAT'S HOW ANYONE WHO INTERFERES WITH UNCLE SAM ENDS - UP A TREE!



EDDIE BELL AND JERRY GET TO WORK HELPING UNCLE SAM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**.  
BOY, DO THEY HELP!



# EDISON BELL'S

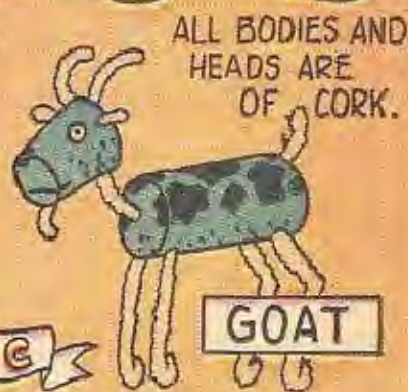
By Ray Gill

# TABLE-TOP

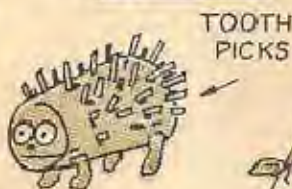
# CIRCUS

A BUNCH OF CORKS, ODD SIZES. SOME FUZZY PIPE CLEANERS, A FEW BOTTLES OF POSTER COLORS AND A BRUSH ARE ALL YOU NEED TO OUTFIT YOUR TABLE TOP CIRCUS!

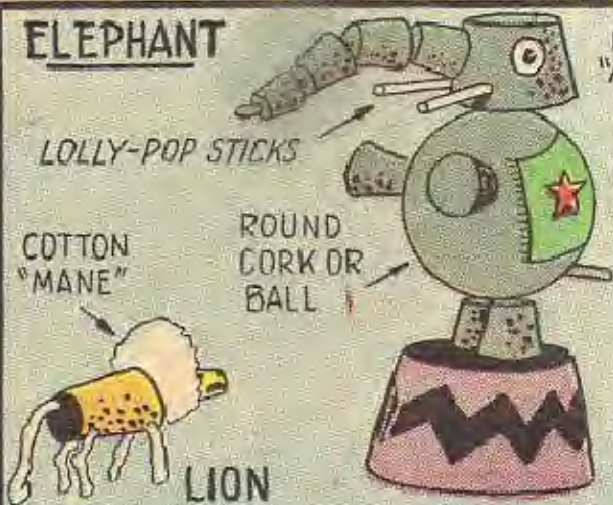
... LETS GO!



## PORCUPINE



## ELEPHANT



THE "BIG TOP" SHOWN ABOVE, FOR OUR PURPOSE IS A SHEET OF CLOTH SUSPENDED OVER A FEW WOOD DOWELS. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO PUNCH HOLES IN OR TEAR CLOTH, THE THREE RINGS ARE EMBROIDERY HOOPS... BORROWED. FLAG AT TOP HAS LONG HAT PIN FOR MAST... MAKING BUT A SMALL HOLE.

FEET BENT UP TO HOLD ANOTHER FIGURE BELOW.



OLD

# CAP HAWKIN'S TRUE TALES



YES, JOEY, TODAY THE UNITED STATES ARMY IS FIGHTING A GREAT BATTLE ON MANY FRONTS. BUT THE MOST INTREPID SOLDIERS OF THEM ALL ARE THE "SPIDER-HOLE" MEN. THEIR MOTTO IS AN INVITATION TO THE ENEMY, "WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?"



FOR INSTANCE, A COMPANY OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS ADVANCED ON THE HARD-HIT AMERICAN TROOPS DURING THE SIEGE OF THE PHILLIPINES...



AS THE JAPS MOVED FORWARD, INNOCENT-APPEARING MOUNDS OF EARTH WERE THROWN UPWARD AND THE SPIDER MEN SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE EARTH TO THROW A WITHERING FIRE INTO THE REAR OF THE ENEMY LINES...





THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN" LASHED OUT BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND CREATED CONFUSION, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DAMAGE THEY ACCOMPLISHED.



THIS METHOD OF WARFARE, ORIGINATED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR WHEN ADVANCE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH TO THE ATTACKING FORCES...



DUE MAINLY TO THE ADVENT OF LONG-RANGE, HEAVY ARTILLERY,...



AND, THE INTRODUCTION AND USE OF THE MACHINE GUN.



THE IMMEDIATE ANSWER TO THESE NEW WEAPONS WAS THE TRENCH... A LONG DEEP CULVERT THAT AFFORDED THE MAXIMUM PROTECTION TO BOTH THE DEFENDING AND ATTACKING FORCES.



HOWEVER, THIS METHOD OF FIGHTING BROUGHT ABOUT A STALEMATE WHICH THREATENED TO PROLONG THE WAR INDEFINITELY.



UNTIL, THE "IRON JUGGERNAUTS" MADE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.





TANKS AND PLANES CONTRIBUTED TO MAKING THE TRENCHES AS HAZARDOUS AS OPEN FIELDS.



IN THE PRESENT WAR THE "BLITZKRIEG" DID AWAY WITH OLD-STYLE TRENCHES ALMOST ENTIRELY. FORTIFICATIONS NOW CONSIST OF A SERIES OF "PILL-BOXES" AND GUN EMBLEMENTS RINGED BY MINES TO FORM MINIATURE FORTRESSES.



BUT, THE INFANTRY IS STILL THE "SOUL" OF THE ARMY AND THE MEN FROM THE RANKS MUST FIGHT A WAR OF INFILTRATION... THEY ARE THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN".

EACH MAN KNOWS WHAT HE IS TO DO, LET'S GO!



A GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAKES ITS WAY WITH FULL EQUIPMENT

THE ENEMY LINES! SCATTER AS SOON AS WE'RE THROUGH!



SINGLY OR IN COUPLES, THE DOUGHBOYS FIND A SUITABLE SPOT AND DIG HOLES JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO ADMIT THEM.



THEY FASHION A TRAP DOOR TO FIT OVER THE HOLE AND CAMOUFLAGED IT TO COMPLETE THE CONCEALMENT.





WHEN THE ENEMY MOVES SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS UP TO THEIR LINES... OVER THE "SPIDER HOLES"...



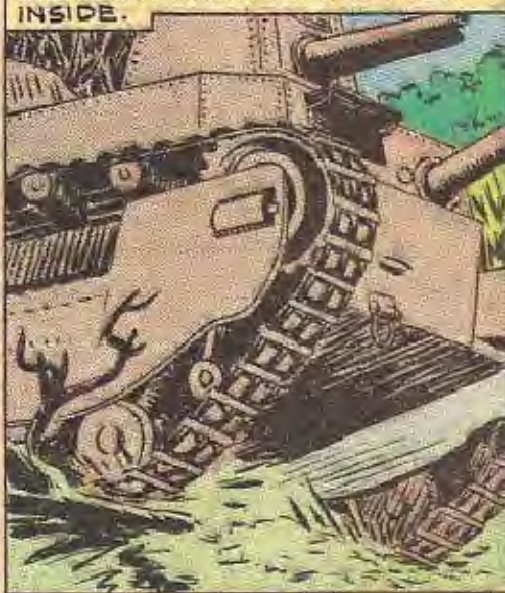
ONCE PAST, THE TRAP DOOR IS FLUNG UP BEHIND THEM AND...



EVEN THE DEADLY TANKS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE "SPIDER HOLE" MEN.



FOR, THESE RUMBLING GIANTS PASS RIGHT OVER WITHOUT DOING ANY HARM TO THE MEN INSIDE.



AND, AS THEY ROLL OVER THE TRAPS, THE DOOR IS THROWN OFF...



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE TANK IS A FIERY MASS OF METAL... DESTROYED.



GEE! WITH FIGHTING SPIRIT LIKE THAT, WE CAN'T LOSE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JOEY. AND, IF ALL AMERICANS GRABBED SOME OF THAT SAME SPIRIT FROM THE BOYS AT THE FRONT, THEY'D REMEMBER TO KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.





# HARD LUCK LADY

THE SEA was running high and the spume was like fine needles against the skin, Les discovered by sticking his head out the wheelhouse door. He didn't like the storm, but he was not as much afraid of it as of the "old lady." He thought uneasily about her, his feet braced wide apart against her bucking deck. Herby Dwight, Seaman 1st Class, entered the wheelhouse.

"Looks like we're in for some rough riding," Herby cocking an experienced eye in Les's direction, went on to observe, "what's the trouble? You look green around the gills!"

Les hesitated, asked warily, "You don't know the old lady, do you?"

"The old lady?"

Les nodded. "The boat we're on right now! Guess you're not from around the sound."

Herby Dwight shook his head, grey eyes shifting with a touch of uneasiness as he looked about him, almost as if seeing the inside of the cabin for the first time.

Les realized it was like tattling to tell on the old lady. . . .

"No one else knows her either," he finally admitted. "She's unlucky, a sort of jinx! She's been used for everything from rum-running to whale fishing. She ran aground once, caught fire another time, and once the Coast Guard machine-gunned her. Now . . . she's in the Coast Guard!"

Herby Dwight laughed but

the sound held a touch of uneasiness. A comber smashed against the side of the long grey boat and the wheel bucked in Les Gardner's strong hands.

"Anyone else on board know her?" Herby wanted to know. "I mean, anyone who might get leery. . . ."

"I'm not leery," Les retorted. "Or green around the gills."

Herby chuckled. "Okay, okay. I can't call you a liar to your face. You're my superior officer. I'm supposed to say sir, Sir!"

Les Gardner worked his stiff shoulders, recalling that no one had cared a hang about the old lady back in the days when she'd led a civilian life . . . they'd call her a criminal, a jinx . . . even a pickle-boat! Now she was reformed and Les tried to find a spark of gratitude within him for her achievement. Somehow that spark was lacking and no amount of trying would awaken it. Not even the fact that the old lady, the 107 now, to be more exact, was really giving till it hurt!

Herby Dwight said, "Shucks, worse jobs than this one are doing duty today—"

"We're in coastal waters all right," Les interrupted. "But we're a long way from the coast. If anything happens—"

"If anything happens to any boat this far out, it's just too bad!" Herby buttoned up and went out into the racing wind and spray. The door of the

wheelhouse slammed shut and Les remembered that the old lady had been called unlucky among other things, the other things however being best left unsaid. Now, in the Coast Guard himself, it had been his luck to ship on the old lady. She'd led a mere troubled life at times, a turbulent one at others. Could she really stand the gaff of going straight?

Thin, gaunt Captain Marks entered then to say that they were altering their course. "We've just received word of a freighter in trouble," he explained curtly. "Blown cylinder head, can't make repairs. They're easy prey for a sub. Call the engine room for full speed!"

Les Gardner tried not to think any more about the old lady's personal history. Briefly he considered the advisability of speaking to Captain Marks, warning him that the 107 had had a strenuous life, that any over-exertion might rupture her arteries. Perhaps there were other ships in the vicinity, better able to go to the aid of a heavy freighter floundering awkwardly in a heavy sea.

But Captain Marks' face was set and hard and Les decided to keep his mouth shut.

THE 107 stuck her nose in to the worst of it, ploughing ahead at full speed. The sea pounded and smashed and pushed the struggling boat under. The wind ripped and screamed about her superstructure. Men clung to icy posts, life belts on, hands clinging to sodden life lines. It was late in the day and rain began to lash them. All hands were ordered to duty.

The freighter was wallowing dangerously in the trough of the waves. Les clung to the rigging of the bridge, megaphone in hand to get the 107 into position. The Skipper was at the



wheel and Les caught a glimpse of his face through the window, stern and hard and unrelenting.

Les ducked inside. Captain Marks said, "We'll shoot a line on board—"

"You're not taking her in tow!" The protest came out in a yelp of surprise from Les. "Why, this old tub—"

"We'll shoot a line aboard," the Skipper repeated. "And take her in tow! There are injured men on board, the chief engineer and second mate. Nothing we can do about them, except get them to port. We can and will do that!"

"Aren't there other ships in this vicinity?" Les asked uneasily. "To undertake such a task with a boat this size and power—"

Captain Marks glared. "I said we're shooting a line to her! Be sure everyone is at his station!"

It was then that the sub launched a torpedo. It struck the freighter aft. Les saw the sheet of water flung up into the air while the explosion seemed to stagger the old lady.

The Skipper bellowed, "Order the men to their battle stations!"

He signaled the engine room for full speed and keeping his piercing eyes fixed on a point almost due north, he spun the wheel swiftly, pulling the old lady around on her tail.

Les tore outside. There was a crew at the deck gun, others at the depth charge rack—

"Ready with the depth charges!"

Les spun, heaving himself forward, megaphone in hand. Yelling into the wind was like yelling against a brick wall but he saw from their actions that the men knew what was wanted...

**T**HE DEPTH charge went off with a wallop that shot a grey geyser high into the air. The second explosion lift-

ed a tower of water majestically like a huge, drunken giant tumbling forward onto 'its face. Again a charge roared off—

The old lady came around again and Les saw the sub surface off to their left, saw men scrambling to the deck gun!

The 107's five incher went off with a bellow. Smoke mushroomed into the lashing wind. The shell struck beyond the sub and to the left, and a moment later the under-water raider let go with her own deck piece. The shell struck the old lady forward, went off with a shattering roar that ripped a hunk of deck metal wide open. Again the old lady's gun bellowed back, and again the shell cleared the target. . . .

The sub fired and simultaneously Les was aware of the roaring explosion almost under his nose. He felt a sickening sensation as he saw figures sprawling in the air, bodies of men. He caught at the railing, gripping it hard with both hands to keep from falling.

It had been a square hit! The forward gun was useless, her crew blown to blazes! The old lady's position was serious, even perilous. For now they were practically unarmed—

The stern voice of the skipper reached out to Les through the raging storm.

"Full speed ahead!" the skipper roared. And again, a moment later, stern, unrelenting, "Stand by to ram!"

**T**HE OLD LADY came around in a circle. Les gripped the railing, watching the sub. Her conning tower was square in their path. He saw the deck gun blast, men working frantically at its breech. . . .

"Stand by. . . ."

The old lady bore down, her

nose flinging waves aside, shaking herself it almost seemed for the final moment of crushing victory. The conning tower loomed directly ahead. The old lady struck with a grinding roar and a wild buck that lifted her high out of the water and thrust the grey conning tower over and under!

The 107 slid over and wheeled gloriously. But the sub was done for. Les saw the terrible gash across her tower, saw men trying to crawl out. A wave crashed down, and a moment later she let go with an explosion that ripped her hull wide open. A second later she slid under!

The old lady ploughed doggedly ahead. Les clung to the wheel, his fingers stiff and aching but alive to a strange inner warmth that seemed to be transmitted from the spokes of the wheel itself.

He turned to stare out the back window to the freighter now hitched to a taut towline and obediently behind them. The torpedo had let go too near the stern to do any real damage . . . the bulkheads would keep her afloat.

Herby Dwight came in, his face etched with deep lines, his eyes tired. For a moment he stared out the window. The grey breast of the ocean heaved restlessly, tossing white caps. Herby said, "You called this boat a jinx, didn't you? Boy, after what happened today—"

"I know," Les nodded. "They called her the pickle-boat, too! It's too bad the guy who christened her that couldn't know what just happened!"

"She's still got a job on her hands—"

"Yeah," Les murmured, his fingers growing warm on the spokes of the wheel. "She'll make it. The old lady's made of good stuff!"

*The End*



# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN

RETALIATION IS THE PASSWORD IN THIS, THE MOST SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE OF BLUE BOLT'S CAREER... WHEN HE PROVES THAT ONE SOLID AMERICAN IS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN DIAMONDS TOKYO... BEWARE, BLUE BOLT IS COMING!



DAN BARRY

SHANG-RI-LA... A PLACE THE JAPS WOULD LIKE TO FIND.



ALL RIGHT, BLUE BOLT, YOU HAVE YOUR SECRET ORDERS. EVERYTHING IS READY! GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR. WE WILL SUCCEED!

THE SLEEK BOMBERS TAKE OFF WITH BLUE BOLT IN COMMAND.



COURSE, NORTH BY NORTHWEST! FINAL DESTINATION WILL BE GIVEN LATER.

YES, SIR!

THE HALF-WAY MARK.



WELL, BOYS, HERE'S THE DOPE... THE TARGET IS TOKYO! HOW DOES THAT STRIKE YOU?

VIPPEE! WE'RE OFF TO NIP THE NIPPIS.



THE DARING  
FLIGHT OF  
BOMBERS  
REACH THEIR  
TARGET—  
TOKYO!

THERE SHE  
IS!

BOMB BAY DOORS OPEN, SIGHTS ARE  
ADJUSTED...

BOMBS AWAY!  
THERE'S A GOOD  
DOSE OF PEARL  
HARBOR!

THE JAP PLANES ATTACK  
LIKE A SWARM OF BUZZING  
MOSQUITOES!

THIS'LL INTERRUPT  
PRODUCTION OF THE  
KOYOTO STEEL MILLS  
FOR AWHILE!

HERE COMES  
ZERO TROUBLE!

BAM

BAM

OH-OH...  
THERE GOES  
OUR RIGHT MOTOR—  
LOOKS LIKE PARA-  
CHUTE TIME FOR US!

BAIL OUT, MEN.  
I'M GOING TO  
AIM IT AT THOSE  
STORAGE  
TANKS!

NICE BABY!  
SHE'S HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR  
THEM!



THE AMERICAN  
BOMBER MAKES  
A DIRECT HIT.



THE REST  
OF THE CREW  
MUST HAVE  
LANDED MILES  
AWAY!



YOU HOLD UP  
ARMS, PLEASE!

AH!  
MONKEY  
TALK!



THIS IS NO  
PEACE CONFERENCE  
— SEE... —



PARDON  
MY BOOT,  
HEEL!

UFF!



THEN...

OH! OH!  
ZOO'S OUT!



THE ZOO INDEED. A  
MOTLEY CREW OF  
ARROGANT JAP  
SOLDIERS RUSH UP  
YELLING WILDLY...

YANKEE  
PIG!

DISHONORABLE  
DOG!





GRABBING UP THE RIFLE,  
DROPPED BY HIS FIRST  
OPPONENT, BLUE BOLT  
TAKES A STAND.

COME AND  
GET IT, YOU  
BANDY  
LEGGED  
BANDITS!



BUT, ONE OF  
THE YELLOW MEN  
JUMPS UPON  
BLUE BOLT'S  
BACK...

I USE  
JU-JITSU!

HEY! NO  
HITCH-HIKERS  
ALLOWED!



OWW!

YIII!

GET OFF,  
BUM!



AS BLUE BOLT TURNS TO RUN,  
HIS FOOT SNAGS A ROOT.

OOPS!



THE JAPS POUNCE UPON HIM.

HOLD HIM  
DOWN!



BLUE BOLT IS OVER-  
COME FINALLY.

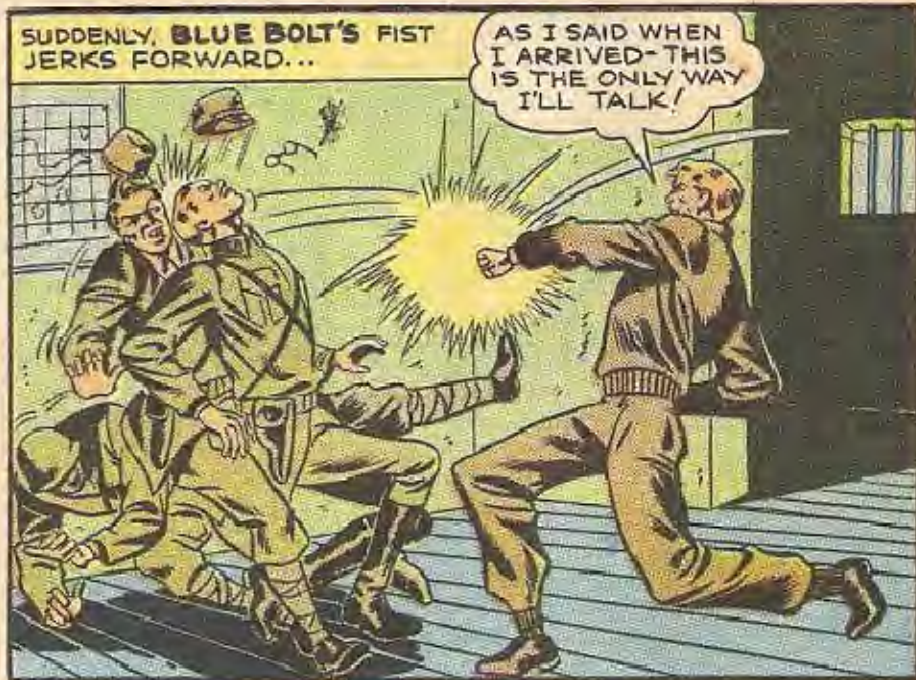
YOU COME  
WITH ME,  
PLEASE!

LEAD ON,  
PICKLE-PUSS!  
LET'S GET  
THIS JAM  
SESSION  
OVER  
WITH!





AND LATER, AT JAP GENERAL HEADQUARTERS...







I'M SERGE BORIN, A RUSSIAN COUNTER-SPY. IN SIBERIA, WHERE I COME FROM, MOST OF US LOOK LIKE JAPS. I HAVE ORDERS FROM MY GOVERNMENT TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN!

SOME SERVICE!



QUICK! THERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES IN THE MOTORCYCLE!

YEAH! WE WON'T GET FAR WITH ME IN THIS OUTFIT!



READY!

GOOD! JUMP IN!



THEN...

STOP THEM! SHOOT THEM! IF YOU FAIL, I'LL HAVE YOU ALL EXECUTED!

LET'S GO, BORIN!



HAH! KEEP 'EM FLYING!

THE JAPS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ROARING MOTORCYCLE.

YIII!

YAAA!



BAH! RADIO THE MILITARY POLICE AT ONCE!



THE SHORT WAVE SENDS FORTH A MESSAGE OF DEATH FOR BLUE BOLT.

ALL MILITARY PATROLS BE ON WATCH, MILITARY MOTORCYCLE WITH AN AMERICAN PASSENGER. SHOOT ON SIGHT!









SOMETHING  
WRONG, CORPORAL?

BANZAI, HONORABLE  
LIEUTENANT, WE  
SEARCH FOR AN  
AMERICAN AVIATOR  
ON A MOTORCYCLE!

THIS PERSON  
HOPES YOU  
WILL CAPTURE  
SAME...

AS THE TRUCK PASSES  
THE SENTRY...



WE SHALL!  
PASS,  
LIEUTENANT!

GUESS I  
CAN CLIMB  
IN FRONT  
NOW.

?? IT  
IS THE  
AMERICAN!

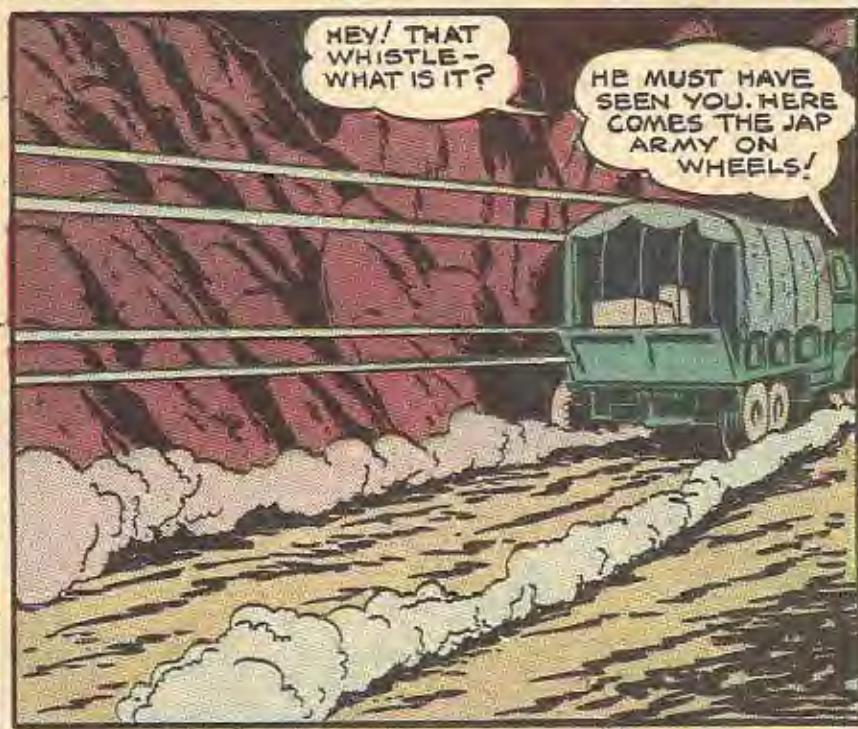
YES, BUT  
WE MUST BE  
EXCEEDINGLY  
CAREFUL!



AFTER THEM!  
THE AMERICAN  
IS IN THAT TRUCK!

YESS!  
WE GET  
HIM!

TWEEET



HEY! THAT  
WHISTLE-  
WHAT IS IT?

HE MUST HAVE  
SEEN YOU. HERE  
COMES THE JAP  
ARMY ON  
WHEELS!



SAY! WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING IN  
BACK FOR?

WAIT'LL YOU  
SEE WHAT'S  
IN THIS TRUCK!



HAND  
GRENADES!

A BOX-FULL  
OF THEM!  
NICE, EH?



SLOW DOWN, BORIN,  
AND GIVE THEM A  
CHANCE TO CATCH  
UP TO US... THESE  
BABIES ARE TIMED  
TO GO OFF IN TEN  
SECONDS!

SO, IF I  
DROP THEM AT  
TWO SECONDS  
INTERVALS...

AND ABOUT EIGHT FEET  
APART, WE SHOULD HAVE  
SOME BLOWOUT!

PERFECT TIMING... SECONDS AFTER, THE JAPS  
ARE BLOWN SKY HIGH!

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

WOW! HEAR  
THAT SYMPHONY?

THE  
SWEETEST  
MUSIC EVER  
PLAYED!

BORIN SOON DRAWS UP AT A SMALL  
FARM...

HERE  
WE ARE!

A BARN?  
WHAT'S THE  
IDEA?

INSIDE...

A PLANE!

YES...ONE OF  
THE FEW THINGS  
THE JAPS DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT.  
THERE ARE NO  
MARKINGS  
WHATSOEVER  
ON IT... WHICH  
WILL SERVE  
TO CONFUSE  
THEM MORE!

THE TWO MEN HASTILY WHEEL  
THE PLANE OUT AND TAKE OFF...  
BLUE BOLT AT THE CONTROLS.

WHERE  
TO?

VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA.  
ONCE THERE, YOU WILL  
BE 'INTERNEED' BY THE  
RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES.  
THEY KNOW WE  
ARE COMING!



FAR BELOW THEM, AT A JAP LISTENING POST...

UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING. ATTENTION INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON J. ATTENTION!

HERE COME THE ZEROS!

CHECK YOUR GUNS, BLUE BOLT... WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH!

GUNS CHATTER AND ANOTHER Foe OF DEMOCRACY GOES HURLING DOWN.

YOU GOT HIM!

CHECK!

THE SPEEDY ESCAPE PLANE PULLS AHEAD OF THE JAP PURSUERS.

WE'D BETTER HEAD OUT... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO OUT-DISTANCE THOSE ZEROS!

OKAY-HERE WE GO INTO THE LEAD...

INTO THE HOME STRETCH! HEY OUR PALS ARE LEAVING US!

YES, THEY HAVE TO. WE ARE OVER RUSSIAN TERRITORIAL WATERS NOW. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO ANTAGONIZE RUSSIA WITH ANOTHER INCIDENT!

LATER... AT AN AIRPORT NEAR THE CITY OF VLADIVOSTOCK

FROM SHANG-RI-LA TO RUSSIA IN ONE JUMP- WHAT A JAUNT!

YOUR ESCAPE WAS UNDER MILITARY LAW; WE SHOULD INTERNE YOU BUT SINCE YOU COME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE, THAT IS UNNECESSARY. IN VIEW OF ALL (ER) THE TROUBLE TAKEN TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT SERVING IN THE RUSSIAN AIR FORCE? YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS ALREADY GIVEN IT'S PERMISSION---

MAJOR, YOU'RE AN ACE- LEAD ME TO MY PLANE!



# KRISKO and JASPER

O-YEH! YOU AND YOUR CRIPPLED BRAIN GIVE ME A PAIN IN TH' PUSS! ALWAYS AGITTIN' IDEAS! ANYWAY, WE IS TWO MAN SUBMARINERS AND OUR SEA-GOIN' BATTLE WAGON WON'T RUN ON LAND.

I'LL SWEAR THIS IS TH' FIGHTIN'EST WAR THAT EVER WAS... AND WE AIN'T DOIN' MUCH IN IT... THEM MARINES AND LAND-GOIN' BATTLE-WAGONS IS AGITTIN' ALL TH' FUN--M-M-- I THINK I'VE GOT ME A IDEA!

LISTEN TO CHOW-TABLE MUSCLES DISHIN' TH' BILGE--PHOOEY!

JACK A. LARREN

COME ON, CREW- I'LL SHOW YOU SOME GOOD HUNTIN'

I KNOW I'M NOT A GOIN TO LIKE THIS- NOHOW!

THE BLUE BOLT

SHOVE EM RIGHT UNDER THERE - I'LL HOLD TH' BOAT UP!

THIS BETTER BE GOOD!

HOW'S THIS FOR RIDIN' HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME?

HO, SAILOR- I SEE LAND!

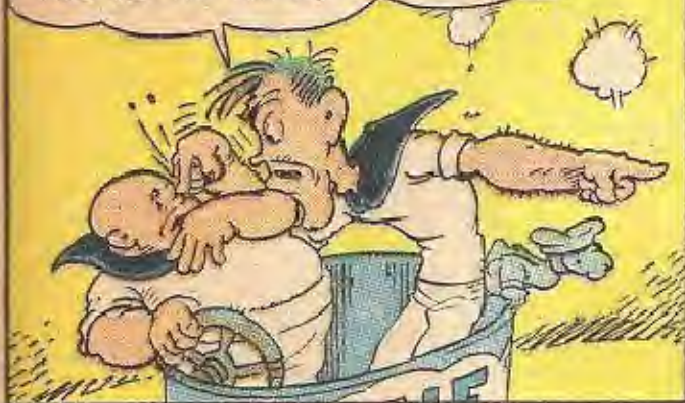
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE IS A WAR GOIN' ON - OVER THERE - I'M DRIVIN THAT WAY!

AN' WHAD'YA THINK IS GOIN ON OVER HERE, YOU LUNKHEAD!

BLUE



WE GO MY WAY- OR I'M GONNA THROW YOU TO TH' NIPS!



A WELL PLACED SHOT ENDS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS QUARREL.

WHY- THEM LOW DOWN VARMINTS SHOT A HOLE IN OUR BATTLE WAGON..!!



JASPER- YOU GO BELOW AND GIT TH SHOOTIN' HARDWARE INTO ACTION.

DERN NIPS! -I'M A GOIN' TEACH 'EN BETTER'N THAT!



JASPER GOES BELOW.

HEY KRISKO - WHATA WE GONNA USE FOR BULLETS? WE AIN'T GOT ANY!



JUST THEN AN ALLIED FLASH COMES IN OVER THE RADIO.

WE ARE SURROUNDED AND OUTNUMBERED AND MUST FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH. ALSO, THERE IS A STRANGE TANK IN OUR MIDST-- NAMED "BLUE BOLT" BLAST IT SKY-HIGH! THAT IS ALL---

GULP!



HEY, KRISKO, WE IS SOOROUNDED AN' ARE GONNA BE BLOW'D TO SMITHEREENS-- NO BODY LIKES US!

OOO-GOSH!



THEY HIT A LAND MINE.



LOOK, YOU LUNKHEAD, YOU'VE STEERED THIS OLD BATTLE WAGON RIGHT SMACK-DAB INTO A NIP GUN NEST-- WE'RE HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE, I TELL YA!





TURN'ER 'ROUND! GO BACK! I DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY YOU'RE PICKIN' UP!



MORE JAPS SWARM INTO THE "BLUE BOLT"! LOOKS LIKE **ALL IS OVER** FOR KRISKO AND JASPER.

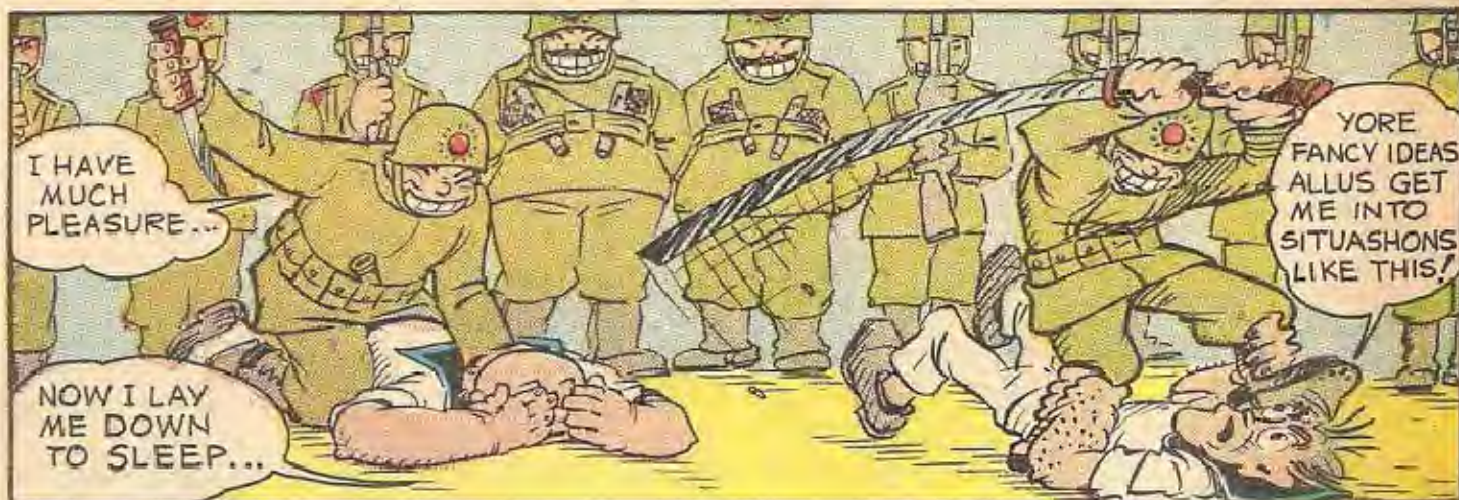


THE NIPS TRIP DOWN THE HATCH...



YOU DIE DISHONORABLE DEATH. SO SORRY.

HEY! NIX ON THAT STUFF!



---SUDDENLY, A LUCKY SHOT.... TEARS THROUGH THE "BLUE BOLT".



AS FOR THE REST OF YOU YALLER VARMINTS!





GO TOP SIDE AND GIT  
THIS CRATE MOVIN'.  
I'VE GOTTA MAD ON  
NOW AND I WANNA  
FIGHT!

ME  
TOO!

OPEN TH' TORPEDO  
TUBES!! I'LL  
UNTANGLE US  
PRONTO!

AYE,  
AYE,  
SIR!

HUMPH, - BARB-WIRE!  
YOU'VE SURE DROVE  
US INTO TH' MIDDLE  
OF A TICKLISH  
MESS!

— JASPER REACHES THROUGH THE  
TORPEDO HATCHES AND CUTS THE BARBED-WIRE.

SNIP

THE ENEMY ARE SURPRISED WHEN THEY  
SEE THE "BLUE BOLT" COMING AT THEM!

(TRANSLATED)  
RUN! A NEW  
SECRET WEAPON  
DESCENDS UPON  
US!

YIPEE "RIDE-EM COWBOY" -  
WISH WE HAD US SOME  
GOOD OLD SHOOTIN' BULLETS!

ALL IS GOING WELL. --- WELL, EXCEPT IN  
THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S TANK.

WHAT TH'! WHERE DID THAT MONSTROSITY  
COME FROM. IT DOESN'T BELONG IN MY OUT-  
FIT... MUST BE ONE OF OUR ALLIES!

THE  
BLUE  
BOLT

BUT THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS NOT  
THE ONLY ONE WITH HIS EYES ON THE  
"BLUE BOLT" - THE ENEMY IS AIMING ALL  
FIRE POWER IN IT'S DIRECTION!

BOOM



OUR TWO HEROES ARE NOT TO BE SCARED BY  
MERE SHELLS.

YIPPEE!



I FEEL A DRAFT, DOG-GONE THEM  
LOW-DOWN VARMINTS! I'M GOIN'  
BELOW AND IN JUST ONE  
MINUTE SHARP, YOU FIRE  
TH' TORPEDO TUBES-



HEY, KRISKO,  
GIT READY  
TO FIRE!

GIT IN THAT TOR-  
PEDO TUBE! "DO  
YOU WANNA LIVE  
FOREVER"?



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE  
CHARGING TANKS?

THERE'S A GUN NEST OVER THERE  
THAT IS CAUSING A LOT OF  
DAMAGE! IT'S GOTTA BE  
PUT OUT... THERE GOES  
THAT MONSTROSITY AGAIN!



AND, THE TORPEDO TUBES OF THE  
"BLUE BOLT"...

YOU MAY FIRE WHEN  
READY GENERAL  
KRISKO!



JASPER SAID FOR ME TO FIRE THE  
TORPEDO TUBES IN ONE MINUTE!  
...WELL... HERE GOES!

TICK  
TOCK

TORPEDO  
FIRE  
CONTROL

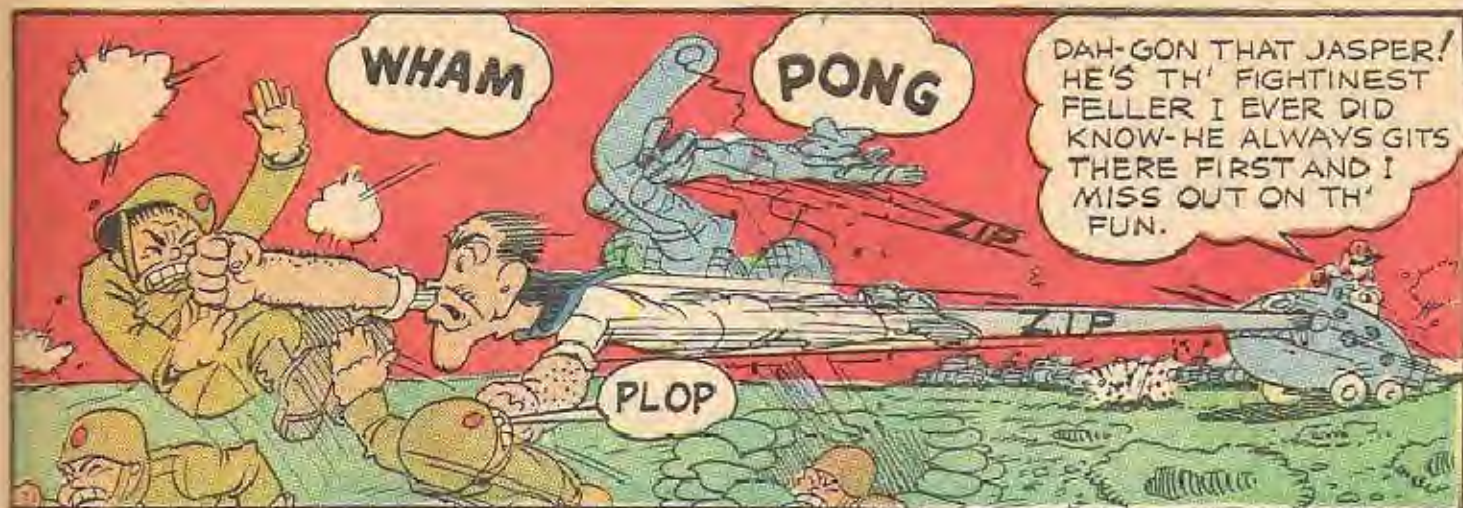


CLEAR TH' WAY- HERE I COME!  
TH' FIRST TANK-SHOOT-IST  
EVER BORND'!



1 (TRANSLATED) -  
1 ENEMY SENDING  
TANKCHUTISTS!  
1 ISS BAD!







# FEARLESS FELLERS



THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB COOK UP SOME PRACTICAL JOSES AND HAVE A GREAT TIME ... UNTIL ONE BACK-FIRES AND KEEPS THEM OUT FAR-PAR INTO THE NIGHT.













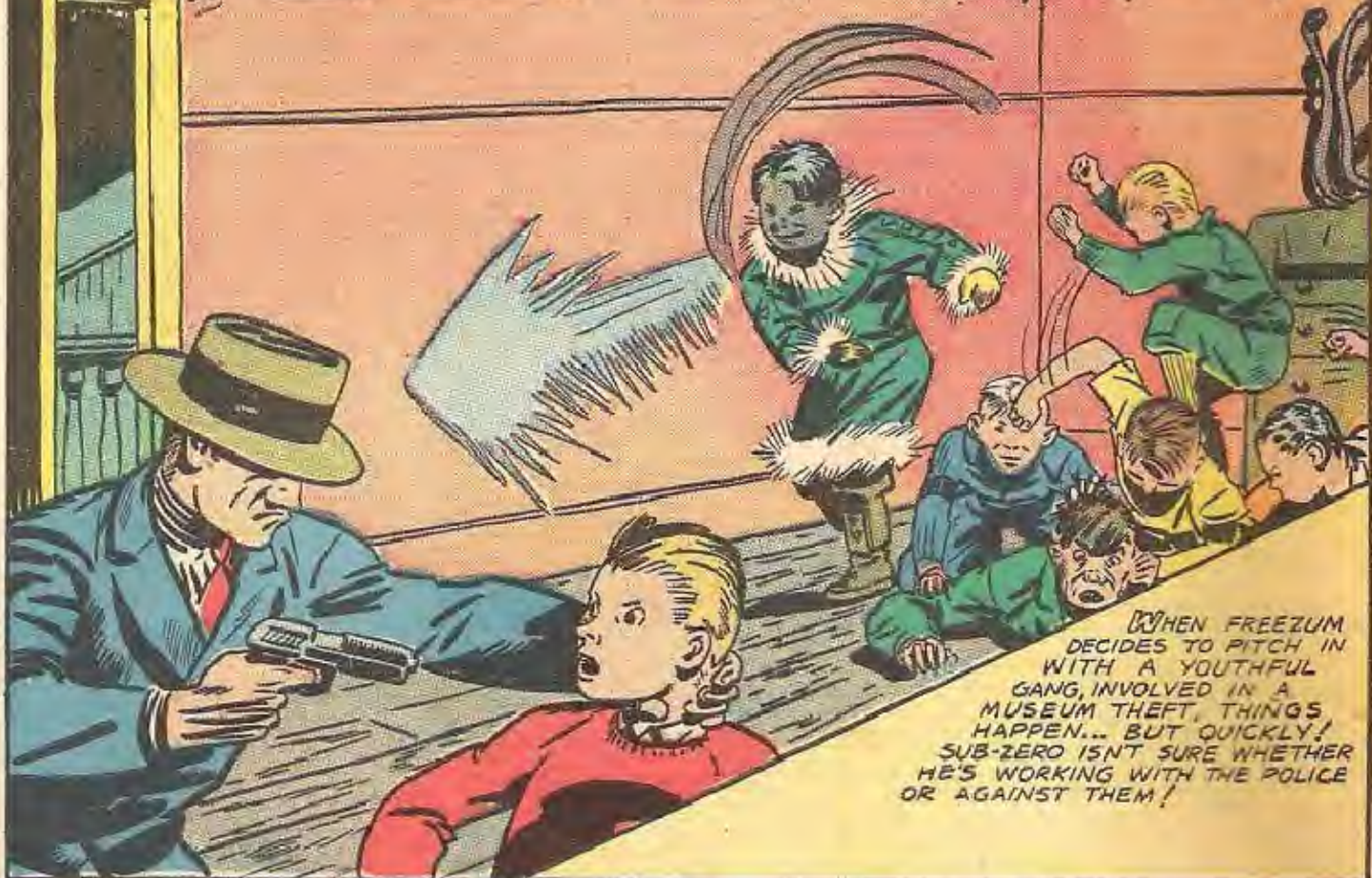








# SUB-ZERO



WHEN FREEZUM DECIDES TO PITCH IN WITH A YOUTHFUL GANG, INVOLVED IN A MUSEUM THEFT, THINGS HAPPEN... BUT QUICKLY! SUB-ZERO ISN'T SURE WHETHER HE'S WORKING WITH THE POLICE OR AGAINST THEM!



THAT ROUNDS UP THOSE TRAMPS!

HAH! NOW THEY LIVE IN CLOSE QUARTERS.



ALL RIGHT, FREEZUM... SUPPOSE YOU LET ME IN ON WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

OH, I WAS COMING OUT OF SCHOOL WHEN I SAWUM...















IT'S BEEN PRETTY BAD  
HAVIN' THEM BOSS US AROUND!  
IF WE OPEN OUR TRAPS,  
THEY SLAM US!



WELL, I GOTTUM  
PLAN! LISTEN...

SWELL!... IF  
IT WORKS!



MEN LIVEUM IN ROOMING  
HOUSE AT 4 EAST  
TEN STREET?

OKAY, TINY!  
FIRST I MAKUM  
PHONE CALL.

YEAH! WE'LL  
SHOW YA!



HELLO, SUB-ZERO.  
THIS IS FREEZUM!

SLITHERING ICE  
CUBES! WHERE ARE  
YOU? YOU'VE GOT  
EVERY COP IN THE  
CITY LOOKING FOR  
YOU-DID YOU ROB  
THOSE COINS?



NO! EXPLAINUM  
LATER... YOU  
MEETUM ME  
WITH POLICE  
AT 4 EAST  
TEN STREET-  
HURRY UP!

HEY!  
4 EAST  
TENTH STREET?  
OKAY- I'M  
ON MY WAY!

WHO'D  
YOU  
CALL?

FRIEND OF  
MINE, NOW,  
WE FINDUM  
HEELS AND  
GIVEUM HOT  
FOOT!



AFTER DARK...

THAT'S THE  
HOUSE! THEY'RE  
IN APARTMENT  
NINE... NO  
LIGHTS ON,  
MUST BE  
IN BED.

GOOD! REMEMBER  
WHAT I TOLD  
YOU LETUM US  
GO!





THE BOYS CREEP QUIETLY UP THE LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

THERE IS NUMBER NINE / HOPE ZERO GETTUM HERE IN TIME!



FREEZUM KNOCKS BOLDLY AT THE DOOR.

WHAT D'YA WANT?

IS TELEGRAM BOY!



WELL?

OKAY, FELLAS! DO YOUR STUFF!



PARDON ME DUKES, YOU BUM!

DON'T GIVEUM CHANCE TO GETTUM UP!

GANGWAY FOR DE MOB!



WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LITTLE WOIMS! I'LL PIN YER EARS BACK!

OH-OH! HE'S GOT A ROD!



DON'T GET SUCH FUNNY IDEAS, LAME BRAIN!

OWOO! MY EYES!





BUT, STUDS LONIGAN GETS THE UPPER HAND ON HIS JUNIOR ASSAILANTS.

OUTTA MY WAY, PUNK!

YEOW!



I'LL BET THESE BRATS HAVE CALLED THE POLICE! I'M GETTIN' OUT!



BUT

SOCKUM LITTLE KIDS, WILL YOU!

YOW!



LEMME AT HIM! I'LL BRAIN HIM, SO HELP ME!

NO! HELPUM OTHERS CATCHUM CREEPY FELLOW... I TAKE CARE OF STUDS!



HIM TRY TO MAKE GETTUM WAY, EH?

SO! THE BRAT'S FOLLOWIN' ME, EH?



HE GO INTO STREET! HOPEUM SUB-ZERO COME FAST!











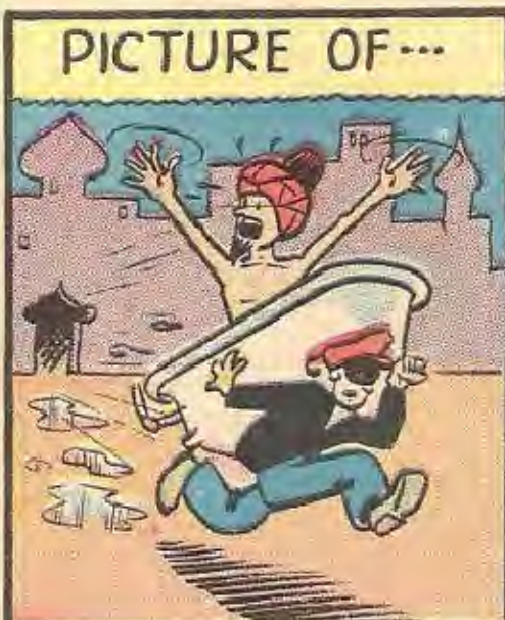
"IT'S NO GOOD!... WE'VE BEEN LOSING MONEY EVER SINCE HE GREW THAT MOUSTACHE!"



"I CAUGHT THIS ONE OFF CATALINA... 20 FEET LONG, 983 POUNDS! BEAUTY, EH?"



"SORRY... WE NEED ALL THE BRASS WE CAN GET!"



... A MAN TAKING A TURKISH BATH!



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Cowgirls. With them for 50c or you may have  
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30c. or 5x7 for 50c. All in color.  
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SCREEN ART STUDIOS, Dept. R  
3328 N. Broadway St., Chicago



"AW, COME ON!... WE CAN SETTLE THAT ARGUMENT LATER!"



"...ALFRED IS CERTAINLY KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES, ISN'T HE?"



"HE'S BEEN TALKING LIKE THAT EVER SINCE HE HAD THAT ACCIDENT AT CAMP DIX!"



"YEAH! HE SAYS IT'S THE BEST HE CAN DO WITH THE PAPER SHORTAGE AND NO TYPEWRITER!"



# STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

## THE GRAVES OF COLUMBUS

For many years the Spaniards and the Santo Domingans, citizens of the West Indian Dominican Republic, have quarreled over the whereabouts of the remains of Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World.

Columbus died believing he had discovered the Indies and his will ordered his body buried in Santo Domingo, an outpost of the "Indian Empire." But it wasn't until 1537 that the wishes were granted. The bodies of Columbus and his son Diego were taken from a Spanish monastery and shipped by boat to Santo Domingo, where they were placed in the crypt of the great cathedral.

There they remained undisturbed until 1655, when a British fleet threatened to capture the island. The Archbishop of Santo Domingo feared that the British would take away the bodies of Columbus and his son if they captured the Spanish possession. He ordered workmen to pile huge mounds of earth into the cellar of the cathedral so that everything would be covered up and hidden from the eyes of the invaders.

For one hundred and forty years the coffins lay under the church floor. Then, by treaty, the Spaniards gave the island to France, reserving the right to remove the body of Columbus to Havana, Cuba. After many days of labor a coffin was dug out of the hard-packed earth with markings upon it that were almost worn off. The Dominican priests testified that this contained the last remains of Christopher Columbus. The relic was taken to Cuba and reburied in the Columbus Cathedral.

After the French had taken complete charge of the island the Santo Domingans claimed that they had misled the commissioners and that the bones taken to Havana were those of Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus.

In 1877, during repairs on the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, workmen discovered a coffin containing the bones of Luis, a grandson of Columbus. Alongside was the empty grave from which the Spaniards had removed the remains taken to Havana. After further work they found a third and larger vault which the Dominicans identified, from documents found in the files of the church, as the real resting place of Christopher Columbus.



Map of Santo Domingo



Cathedral of Santo Domingo

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Bag 'O' Tricks

## UP!

P  
J  
A  
R  
A  
C  
H  
U  
T  
E



## DOWN!

The Jumper is designed in full regulation togs, from goggles to heavy gloves. When opened out wide, Chute and Jumper together measure 3 feet.

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